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ATTENTION

J. W. Lawrence
Collection

W. Lawrence

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SAINT JOHN, OCTOBER, 1837.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Subscriber deems himself extremely unfortunate that a sudden attack of illness, *dangerously* affecting his health, has obliged him, though with the deepest regret, immediately to relinquish the task he had undertaken, of publishing a Monthly Periodical in Saint John.

This announcement will undoubtedly be a disappointment to many; but to none more than him. No trivial reason could induce him to desist, after the flattering encouragement he has received to persevere; and the ardent feeling expressed for the success of his projected work: but the iron grasp of physical affliction controls all other considerations, and to its dominant power he is now compelled to submit.

In taking leave of those who have so unhesitatingly come forward to support an undertaking, calculated to raise in character and estimation the intellectual energies of the people for whose edification and benefit it was intended, he feels bound thus publicly to tender them his warmest thanks; and in order to convince them that he has not been wholly unworthy of public confidence, he has concluded arrangements for the publication of a few of the articles which he had hastily prepared, and which, though necessarily imperfect, from his inability to revise them and superintend their typographical execution; and which, from the circumstance of its being a mere number instead of the commencement of a series, he hopes will exonerate him from the odium which might otherwise rest upon him, and retain for him the interest he has already acquired, which he hopes to avail himself of at some future day, in such a manner as will promote the general good, if an overruling Providence shall not otherwise decree.

JOHN CROSSKILL.

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THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

A PRIZE ESSAY.

Written for the "Saint John Young Men's Debating Society," and published by request of that body.

TILL about the middle of the last century, the present prosperous colony of New-Brunswick was hardly known. It was at a later period that it was called into political existence. The earliest essays of its inhabitants were inconsiderable; few in number, their dwellings did not extend far inland, but were dispersed along the banks of the majestic river St. John. There, pursued no longer by the rancorous hatred of the Indians, and undisturbed by the strife of contending France and Britain, the people reposed in that peaceful serenity, which spreads the smile of gladness even in the heart of the wilderness.

It is not easy to point out with certainty whence the first Emigrants came: authentic information on this point is not readily obtained; and therefore, without presuming to determine, we will venture the following observations:

At the present time, even after the hand of industry has been perseveringly exerted, the face of nature in the greatest portion of the Province presents to the view a rugged aspect, and no where an appearance of great fertility. What then must it have been in its unassisted state, when contrasted with the southern part of the Province, the present Nova-Scotia, or the older Colonies. Neither opulence nor comfort could be looked for, where both natural and acquired advantages were wanting.

We may however conclude, that, protected as it was by its sequestered situation, some discontented spirits from Massachusetts might prefer the independence and quiet of the wilderness to the protracted struggles of faction, which in their native home had followed the granting of the new charter; and that some families from Nova-Scotia might regard it as a secure and temporary refuge from the implacable and unremitting persecution of the hostile Indian tribes.

The Historical Society of Massachusetts appears to have been well-acquainted with the remote dwellings of these settlers; for as early as 1794, mention was made in their records of an estimate, in which the inhabitants are stated to have amounted to four hundred: Nova-Scotia then numbered 15,000 souls. In 1759, the Society seems to have been engaged in a second exploration, when the increase and condition of the inhabitants were considered highly satisfactory.

Greatly as the family of settlers had increased, they can scarcely be said to have formed members of a regular society; and we may suppose them

to have submitted to such few regulations only as were accommodated to their peculiar condition and exigencies. Seldom is a figure of importance attached to those confined undertakings that many individually execute. Indeed his schemes, thus formed, rarely extend farther than rendering his condition more comfortable, and are not filled with enlarged or liberal ideas of national greatness. It is in vain to search for minute enumeration, before a people has fixed attention by political union.

Without engaging in tedious and tiresome investigation, we will at once proceed to a review of the circumstances that led to the great settlement and organization of New-Brunswick into a distinct and separate Province.

In the year 1785, we are entitled to assign to the Province this distinct existence, under a Governor of the King's nomination, a Council appointed by the King's Representative, and an Assembly of legislators chosen by the people. The occurrences that preceded this event are too well known to need recital. At the termination of the contest between Great-Britain and the revolted Colonies of America; the former was solicited by its adherents in that painful struggle, to provide them, in the dependencies of North America still attached to the British Crown, with grants of Land, adapted to the formation of new settlements. This request was readily acceded to, and arrangements were consequently made for affording temporary aid to the Refugees in the outset of their undertaking. Various places were selected, and New-Brunswick was marked out for the reception of a body of individuals formerly resident in the Northern States, embodied with whom were many of exalted state and intellect.

The scheme of settlement resolved upon by the Colonists, their capacity for the discharge of the legislative trust reposed in them, and their ability to pursue the arduous duties of their new situation, were matters importantly affecting the future progress of the Province, and therefore merit particular consideration. Neither a commercial nor an agricultural people, the Refugees partook of the most distinguishing features of each, their manners had been formed by a long series of trials, wherein their commanding talents had been exercised and matured; the cessation of traffic, during their warlike employment, had not weaned them from the energy and habits of commercial enterprise; long continued vicissitudes had nerved them with patient endurance: and whilst combating superior forces, they had become animated with a spirit of vigorous and steady determination, which afterwards proved in every way favorable to the structure of a Pro-

vince in North America. Extreme distress endured in support of a cause esteemed by them virtuous, had attached them to each other in a bond of unanimity. Though their old possessions were relinquished, the pride of their former greatness remained, and they proceeded to the institution of regulations for ensuring personal security, social order, commercial traffic, and religious freedom, in the new community, with as much foresight as if they were providing for the welfare of a powerful dominion. Succeeding years witnessed the happy result of these salutary proceedings. Every consideration in the choice of settlements was deliberately weighed and their plans were judiciously executed. The co-operation of Government contributed in a sensible degree to the beneficial arrangements designed to extinguish a monopoly in traffic, which had obviously retarded the progress of the older Provinces; grants of land were limited in extent and made on condition of partial clearance and cultivation, a scheme sufficient to check an indolent disposition, to provide temporary modes of subsistence to the neglect of the durable provision of agriculture; whilst it left the Capitalist sufficient opportunity to embark in the fisheries and other ventures. It was seen that unrestricted and unconditional grants had imbued the people of the older Colonies with the strong democratical feeling, afterwards instrumental in the subversion of the British power. Experience had shown that by lessening the facilities then extended to all persons for acquiring freehold estates, the prices of labour would be diminished, and that the creation of the various grades of society would afford to it the most efficient vigour and security. The results of this enlightened policy were soon felt; a connection and dependency was formed between the country and the towns, while the attraction of labour to the latter cemented an interest and union highly favorable to the wholesome growth of the infant settlements; thus the designs of internal improvement, of leading roads, and of facilitating Navigation, early occupied the attention of the legislature, and expanded with the increasing means of the Province. Benefit rapidly accrued from the unanimity of all classes, and in after years commercial intercourse had been opened with the West Indies, and the internal state of the Province was prosperous and flattering. That amidst the wearisome task of clearing interminable forest, and subduing the rugged and sterile soil, so much was accomplished for the permanent interest of the Province, must be imputed to the freedom afforded by laws framed with the consummate ability of the principal leaders. For several years succeeding its establishment, it cannot be supposed that the Province

received any vast accession of wealth, or that he commerce was widely extended.—For a time whilst the country gradually and steadily progressed, innumerable hardships were borne by the Settlers. Often must the thoughts of the Refugee have reverted to his native home and the sacred haunts of childhood, to the tenderness and love of fond parents, and the innocent sports of youth in the halcyon days of peace, for he had left these to dwell in the wilderness in poverty and obscurity, though happily in independence. Hard must it have been for men who had never known want in any shape—who had passed their boyhood and their youth in the lap of comfort, if not of luxury, to content themselves with moss for their pillows, and with a bark as their only protection against the pelting of the pitiless storm, and the cold blast and chilling sleet of a northern winter. Yet, hard as it may appear, their principles, aided by their proud and determined spirits, enabled them to bear up against their adversities with the greatest cheerfulness; for who, after he has listened to the oft told tale of the Refugee, and watched the sparkling of the eye as the red blood began to flow more freely, and to lend an almost youthful glow to the countenance of the old man, as he re-counted some wild adventure, and pictured in colours of life the scenes of the hunting party, the pursuit and the success, or the more quiet but scarcely less pleasing incidents of the domestic circle; who, after having witnessed this, would not find something to envy in the toilsome but chequered life of the Refugee; who could say with truth, that the blaze of the winter fire did not shine on many a happy face, and brightness illumine many a happy home.

The resources of New-Brunswick, most available to external commerce, consisted in timber, and to this export the Colonists would necessarily turn their pursuits wherever a market was to be obtained, and an adequate return could be procured. Several years had elapsed ere the returns for American Timber were sufficiently remunerative to lead to a regular traffic in that commodity. It was as incident to other employments, that it was found capable of repaying the labour and expense of transporting the timber to Great-Britain. The circumstances alluded to, were the contracts made by the Government for securing the white pine trees, to furnish masts for the Royal Navy, and in connection with the execution of these contracts, some limited ventures were made. They could have been little desirable as a source of profit to the adventurers, as we may assume;—had the demand and returns been equal to the capital, and labour bestowed, it would have drawn a rapid tide of industry to that source of commerce. To

the French revolution, and the series of events which followed, New-Brunswick must attribute the rise of the timber trade.

The immense preparations of Britain to defeat the formidable power of the Republicans of revolutionary France, and the rapid augmentation of her Navy occasioned an unprecedented demand for timber; nor was the growing wealth of all classes during the war, less influential in adding to the demand; plenty had opened new schemes of employment, and the increase of cities contributed to the exhaustion of large supplies of lumber; the latter, however, was included amongst the produce of the Baltic; and whilst an amicable disposition subsisted between Britain and Russia, supplies from the latter would be poured forth, equal to the exigencies of the times. Something was wanted to divert the increasing demand for lumber to this Province.

In the year 1800, the rapid rise of prices furnished an opportunity for the few adventurers to engage in a systematic and vigorous application to the timber trade. The well remembered conduct of the Emperor Paul, and the armed neutrality of that year, must be viewed as highly beneficial in their effects upon the commerce of this Province. By the handsome profit then derived, a general excitement prevailed to improve that branch of the Colonial resources. The combined efforts of all classes interested, and the consequent increase of shipping multiplied the facilities, and enabled the merchants to bring their commodity to market upon so much better terms, as to secure a continuance of the trade, after the short suspension of the British commerce with Russia had ceased. It had diffused a spirit throughout the community, and imbued all with a strong desire to relax no efforts to preserve a branch of traffic which had, though transiently, been attended with prodigious success, and might afterwards prove a source of lucrative commerce to the Colonies. Hence, we find that the opening of the blockaded ports in the Baltic, did not suspend the energies of New-Brunswick; however this relapse tended to impair the prospects, it had not extinguished the cultivation of the newly enlarged intercourse; a large flow of profits to the Province was far from the only benefit it derived. The warlike array of Europe raised the importance of the North American Colonies. The firmness exhibited by the enlightened statesmen, in whose hands was placed the helm of Government, was applied not alone to the vigorous preparation for augmenting the navy; it looked also to the means of ensuring a resource for naval stores; and we find that in 1801, orders were received by the Governor of Nova-Scotia, from the

Duke of Portland, to encourage the growth of hemp; in pursuance of this design, a Committee was appointed to institute enquiries and make preparations.

The resumption of pacific measures could not efface from the minds of the British Ministers, that, while contesting with the redoubted and vigilant Napoleon, Great-Britain would be exposed to the jealousy of the continental powers of Europe.

Pending the truce, Britain slept not in inauspicious repose; and when the ambitious destroyer of Kings issued his mandate from Berlin, in 1807, when he extravagantly announced the whole of England to be in a state of blockade, and in effect proclaimed hostilities against all powers in connection with Britain, England replied by the capture of the Danish fleet; and when the northern powers murmured at the impetuous decisive measures against Denmark, and made them a pretence for the removal of the armed neutrality, and the close of all the ports in the North Seas, (those of Sweden alone excepted), Britain then dared defiance from her wooden battlements and met the world in arms single handed.

It continued, under these circumstances, the policy of the Home Government to encourage the exportation of lumber from the Colonies—New-Brunswick participated largely in this commerce, though subject to inconsiderable fluctuations; in the course of a few years, so much was the trade enlarged as to have created a character of stability to the Province, and happy prospects of its future increase. Thus steadily and continually approaching to greatness, in 1812, she had gained rapidly on the sister province of Nova-Scotia. In that year another event happened, one not unimportant to New-Brunswick—the rupture with the United States boded fair to embroil the North American Colonies in a tedious and destructive warfare. The domestic condition of England during the war was attended with unparalleled prosperity, and there was consequently an unbounded expenditure. Her protection consisted in the insular state of Britain—not such the case of the Colonies, their exposed boundaries laid them open to attacks and loss of property, yet so far from having to lament the war, or to feel its destructive influence, the Province gained by it an advantage in the renewed activity it promoted among all classes. No sooner had hostilities been proclaimed, than the people of the States on the frontier adjoining New-Brunswick, manifested a disposition not to disturb the people of the Province, a feeling which they reciprocated. Twelve years prosecution of successful commerce had drawn to this country an increase of the precious metals, manufactured goods, and the produce im-

ported from the old country. Money abounded at the time of the war, and became itself a medium of commerce; and in a few years the colony amassed augmented stores. The various causes enumerated had favored the commerce of New-Brunswick to such an extent—had diffused such opulence throughout the Province, that enquiries into the means of imparting refreshing powers to her commercial energies were needless. But the increase of population, and the wide spread of intelligence created a necessity for assisting the circulating medium of commerce. In the earlier stages of society mutual confidence was reposed, and thus dispensed with the calls for a settled currency. The simple operation of the early affairs of the Province were found ill adapted to the complicated machinery of the extensive transactions, which had followed the pursuit of commerce. By the establishment of a Bank, with a capital of £50,000, the exigencies were for a while answered. How far it was equal to the wants can be estimated, when we see the multiplicity of Banking companies that now prevail, whether all these are called for by the effectual demands of commerce, is a question. If opposition has been made to the increasing of these institutions, it is from well grounded apprehension of the mischievous effects that attended the abuse of this excellent system, and an anxious desire to adopt the wisdom without imitating the faults of older Colonies.

On a subject of so much intricacy, it would be almost presumption in the writer to hazard an opinion; yet it may be safely observed, that while the shipping of the Province maintains its present standard, its resources continue to develop new schemes of wealth, and an issue of paper may be made without apprehension of danger, not exceeding the actual moveable property possessed by the Province. Let us now behold the condition of New-Brunswick—wherein are her commerce and capabilities? Her timber trade may flourish for a length of years, but it cannot endure for ever; will then her political functions cease, and the speculative spirit be extinguished? Short sighted must he be who would anticipate such a result. While commercial intercourse exists throughout the world, this Province will at least continue to satisfy her own demands for shipping; already the vessels of the Province participate in the carrying trade, and who can see the limit of her traffic in the whaling business, in the fisheries, in the undiscovered treasures which exist within the bowels of the earth. But are we forcing an uncertain and temporary trade to the neglect of Agriculture, and the injury of posterity? Ought not, it may be asked, the Province to produce grain

sufficient for home consumption? It is true, the Province has received supplies from foreign parts; but yet agriculture has not been disregarded. The peculiarity of the soil of a cold climate, it is known requires time to become sufficiently fertile to reward the Husbandman for his trouble and expense necessarily in award. On looking at the census, it will be perceived that it is only of late years that the numbers have so multiplied; the demand for provisions has therefore been of late creation, and the mind will readily conceive, that until an effectual market is provided, no provision for its wants will be made: the prices of the late seasons, the enlargement of towns, the recently increased population, together with the facilities of transport yearly increasing, must tempt the labour of the agriculturist, and concentrate attention to that most important of all a nation's operations.

During the last year much must have been accomplished for agriculture, better than all bounties, from the spontaneous flow of commerce, the late high prices, and demand for provisions and agricultural produce—who that observes the profuse grants for amelioration of the Province, internal and external, will hesitate whether the interests of agriculture have been unheeded? Not by forced expedients can the plough be put in action. The timber trade has been fostered, because under its influence commerce has brightened, and all those vast measures effected, which must inevitably open the way to extensive industry and increase. Had the timber trade been suffered to grow languid, where had now been the copious schemes of wealth diffused through an active and intelligent population—where the numerous and still increasing buildings and seats of industry with which our cities teem. Instead of these the arms of the forests would have covered extensive spots, which the calls of an industrious community will require to be immediately cultivated. No market would open for produce, no population enhance the demand. Can it then be questioned that the timber trade has been of incalculable benefit to every interest of the Province; its continuance will diffuse invigorating schemes, whilst the opulence it distributes draws continual increase of population. The wants of the community will multiply not only the raw produce of the soil, but provide manufactories within our own cities.

Besides the incitement to agriculture in the causes adverted to, it may be remembered that scientific reasons have been adduced, that the removal of the forest in course of time improves and tempers the soil, by enabling the sun's rays to impart a genial warmth to the earth; and altho' the

doctrine has been disputed, it has been conceded by all that the inclemency of the cold climate has diminished with the increase of population and habitations. Thus, the reduction of the forest, has by a natural cause, assisted the labours of the husbandman, and justified the judicious policy hitherto pursued, of encouraging the commerce in timber, and leaving agriculture to the silent and certain effects to which we have briefly referred.

Was it within the compass of this essay, we might describe with lively interest, the towns and prospective cities of the Province, expatiate on its numerous lakes and rivers, and describe with pleasing minuteness the estimable advantages each peculiarly possesses. Be it sufficient at present to remark that amongst the humblest of the people, the lights of knowledge have been diffused—that the poorest enjoy the amplest security and freedom—the manners and habits of the people have been moulded by their peculiar situation—and that in the people and the resources of the Province, lie the germe of future prospects, which the Colonist will survey with delight. And viewing older Colonies less favored, will exult that while he contemplates the visible spirit of decay in commerce, he can discern the cause, and delightfully testify his admiration, that the Colony was formed in peace, directed by intelligence, and proceeds under the auspices of a stable and vigilant commerce. The future is before us, let the present generation emulate the wisdom, perseverance and union of the last, and the happiness and welfare of New-Brunswick is ensured.

DEATH OF WILLIAM THE IVTH.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

[Original.]

His race is run—his tale is told;
He sleeps within the tomb;
His last bright days I seek t' unfold—
To muse upon his doom:
Sing high; his virtues loud proclaim—
Sing glory to his royal name!

The Summer of eighteen—thirty-seven,
Behold our Monarch's breath,
Restrained to intense painfulness,—
The painfulness of DEATH!
He murmured not, to Heaven resigned
His grief; and hope and faith combined.

But soon dispersed the gloomy clouds,
And the good King again,
Raised from the gloomy couch his head,
No more almost freed from pain:
Hail, Monarch, hail! we welcome thee,
'Tis thine our Father still to be.

Alas! e'en King's are not secure—
E'en they must bend beneath
The chas'ning of th' Almighty rod,
In sickness, sorrow, grief;
Again with asthma laid full low,
To Heaven's decree he seeks to bow.

Thus pass'd the time of illness dire,
Thus flew th' eventful term—
Alternately, forebodings dread,
Now illness ceas'd to alarm;
Until the awful morn drew near:
That morn was dark, and cold, and drear.

Now see around the royal couch,
His sorrowing friends draw nigh;
Not one among the afflicted group
Who does not heave a sigh:
Not one, who, while he sinks to rest,
Feels not—"His memory shall be blest."

The throng around him one by one,
The favor'd, chosen few;
They pass on, while he bids them all
A long—a last—adieu!
What evidence of grief profound,
From those deep sobs now burst around!

Grief did I say? ah, yes, his name
Shall live when he is gone:
His people shall his fame relieve—
His love dictate their song:
Benignant, happy, firm, serene,
Justice and mercy marked his reign.

The scene is over—life has fled;
Majesty in death is laid—
A mournful emblem of the truth,
That "choicest flowers fade:"
Affliction's tears o'erwhelm the throng
That to his name and house belong.

Why weep ye? 'tis his body sleeps
In the cold, silent tomb;
His spirit's left the mortal clay—
Recall'd by God's beloved Son:
For, hark! they whisper—Angels say!
"Come and repose in perfect day—"

"Quit thy frail tenement, and soar
Aloft in Heaven's bright sphere;
We thy Redeemer's messengers
Are to conduct thee there:"
Angelic host! celestial love,
They waft him to the realms above.

Resplendent light! the portals open
With silvery sound, and forth,
Issue Heaven's legions—swift and bright,
"Welcome to new and holy birth;
Redeeming love the ransoms paid—
Thy peace with God the Lamb has made."

THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

ABOUT six miles from the town of Halifax, Nova-Scotia, stands a dilapidated edifice, commonly known by the above appellation. It was built by his Royal Highness the deceased Duke of Kent, (father of her present Majesty,) in the year 1797; and he resided in it till 1802. His Royal Highness then commanded the Royal Fuzaleers, during the administration of Sir John Wentworth. Attracted by the romantic beauty of the spot; its commanding situation, with the broad expanse of water in the Bedford Basin, spread in front, over which his splendid yacht or pleasure boat might glide,—the Prince, accompanied by the Countess, made this his favourite residence, rearing his stately edifice,—sparing neither labour nor expense to administer to its architectural beauty and convenience, and to heighten the picturesque effect of the scenery around,—he built up and pulled down, just as the whim struck him. An example of the evils produced by the action of similar minds when not directed in some wise and beneficial pursuit. He expended in its completion about fifteen thousand pounds sterling—which the home government refused to pay, and the loss consequently fell upon his own resources.

In 1802 the Prince left Halifax with his regiment for Gibraltar. Since that period the "Lodge" has been gradually falling to decay, and it now remains nearly a heap of ruins; there not being a room in the palace fit for the person who has charge of the property to live in. The beautiful walks, the shrubbery promenades, the "Garden of Eden," and the grotesque retreats, are overrun with weeds, and where beauty and loveliness once smiled and was felt, the pernicious influence of neglected greatness stifles the senses to behold and inhale.

LETTERS OF LORD FITZGERALD.

THE following are some extracts from two letters written by this nobleman soon after the arrival with his regiment from Europe. That passage which relates to the language of the people of Halifax, if written at the present day, would be stigmatised as a libel upon her inhabitants; it is a fact of universal remark that the English language is spoken with more purity of pronunciation in that enlightened town, and the two provinces generally, than in any other part of America, or even in Great-Britain. Every county in England has its own peculiar dialect; in Scotland the English is tinged with Gaelic; in many parts of Ireland, the native language and the English tongue alternately prevail; in the United States it has received an original addition by a twang through the nasal organ; and in Canada the French obtains an influence; but in Nova-Scotia and New-Brunswick, generally speaking, the English tongue is not only spoken correctly by the natives, but even the languages of foreigners is modified and reclaimed, and their children invariably speak with purity. We say not this in absolute doubt of the writers veracity, although we think the apparent fact related, to be an exaggeration of truth. One object in inserting them is to induce a comparison between the

state of the respective places to which they relate, fifty years ago, and their condition at the present day.

"HALIFAX, June 24th, 1788."

Dearest, dearest Mother—I got here three days ago, after a passage of twenty-eight days, one of the quickest almost ever known. We had a fair wind every hour of the way; depend on it, dearest mother, I will not miss an opportunity of writing to you.

I can give you no account of the country yet, or the people. By what I hear, they are all Irish, at least in this town; the brogue is not in higher perfection in Kilkenny. I think I hear and see THOMAS in every corner of the street. I am lodged at a Mr. Cornelius O'Brien's, who claims relationship; and I accept the relationship, and his horse, for thirty miles up the country. I set out to-day. My regiment is at St. John's New-Brunswick, the distance is a hundred and twenty miles from here to Annapolis,—and at Annapolis you embark across the Bay of Fundy to St. John's, which is opposite, at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is the common route; but to avoid the Bay of Fundy (which is a very disagreeable navigation, and where one sometimes happens to be a fortnight out,) I go another road, which takes me round the bay. It is longer, and very bad, but by all accounts very wild and beautiful. I shall cross rivers and lakes of which I have no idea in England. I go down one river called Shubenacadie for thirty miles, which they tell me is so full of fish that you can kill them with sticks. They say the banks of it are beautiful—all of the finest wood and pasture, but quite in a state of nature. By all I hear, this will be a journey after my own heart. I long to hear from you.

I hope my journey will do me good: one thing I am glad to find is, that I am likely to have a separate command, which will give me a good deal to do. Good bye again. God bless you a thousand times.

Yours, &c.

It is always interesting to read a stranger's writings of our own country; but how pleasing are the graphic delineations of Sir Edward in the following letter. His affecting picture of the quiet and simplicity of a summer evening in the woods, with the patriarchal couple in the foreground, busily endeavouring to administer to his physical wants, his apparently insensible reflections upon the mutability of human things and the exhilarating close of his letter, combine to produce—charm—which is heightened by the natural eloquence of his style.

St. John's, New-Brunswick, July 18th.

My dearest Mother—Here I am, after a very long and fatiguing journey. I had no idea of what it was, it was more like a campaign than any thing else, except in one material point, that of having no danger. I should have enjoyed it most completely but for the mosquitoes, but they took off a great deal of my pleasure, the millions of them are dreadful. If it had not been for this inconvenience, my journey would have been delightful. The country is almost all in a state of nature, as well as its inhabitants. There are four sorts of these: the Indians, the French, the old English settlers, and now the Refugees, from the other parts of America: the last seem the most civilized.

The old settlers are almost as wild as Indians, and lead a very comfortable life: they are all farmers, and live entirely within themselves. They supply all their own wants by their contrivances, so that they seldom buy any thing. They ought to be the happiest people in the world, but they do not seem to know it.—They imagine themselves poor because they have no money, without considering they do not want it: every thing is done by barter, and you will often find a farmer well supplied with every thing, and yet not have a shilling in money. Any man that will work is sure in a few years to have a comfortable farm: the first eighteen months is the only hard time, and that in most places is avoided, particularly near the rivers, for in every one of them a man will catch in a day enough to feed him for a year. In the winter, with very little trouble, he supplies himself with meat by killing moose deer; and in summer with pigeons, of which the woods are full. These he must subsist on till he has cleared ground enough to raise a little grain, which a hard working man will do in the course of a few months. By selling his moose skins, making sugar out of the maple tree, and by a few days' work for other people, for which he gets great wages, he soon acquires enough to purchase a cow. This, then, sets him up, and he is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable supply of every necessary of life. I came through a whole tract of country peopled by Irish, who came out not worth a shilling, and have all now farms, worth (according to the value of money in this country) from £1000 to £2000.

The equality of every body and of their manner of life I like very much. There are no gentlemen; every body is on a footing, provided he works and wants nothing; every man is exactly what he can make himself, or has made himself by industry. The more children a man has the better: the father has no uneasiness about providing for them, as this is done by the profit of their work. By the time they are fit to settle, he can always afford them two oxen, a cow, a gun, and an axe, and in a few years, if they work, they will thrive.

I came by a settlement along a river which was all the work of one pair; the old gentleman is seventy-two—the old lady seventy; they have been there thirty years; they came there with one cow, three children, and one servant; there was not a living being within sixty miles of them. The first year they lived mostly on milk and marsh leaves; the second year they contrived to purchase a bull, by the produce of their moose skins and fish: from this time they got on very well; and there are now five sons and a daughter all settled on different farms along the river for the

space of twenty miles, and all living comfortably and at ease. The old pair live alone in the little log cabin they first settled in, two miles from any of their children; their little spot of ground is cultivated by these children, and they are supplied with so much butter, grain, meat, &c. from each child, according to the share he got of the land; so that the old folks have nothing to do but to mind their house, which is a kind of inn they keep, more for the sake of the company of the few travellers there are than for gain.

I was obliged to stay a day with the old people on account of the tides, which did not answer for going up the river till next morning; it was, I think, as odd and as pleasant a day (in its way) as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot, you must only help it out with your own imagination.—Conceive, dearest mother, arriving about twelve o'clock in a hot day at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with woods, not a house in sight—and there finding a little old clean tidy woman spinning, with an old man of the same appearance, weeding salad. We had come for ten miles up the river without seeing any thing but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, got as active as if only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying bacon and eggs, both talking a good deal, telling their story, as I mentioned before, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled, and when either's back was turned remarking how old the other had grown; at the same time all kindness, cheerfulness, and love to each other.

The contrast of all this which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work,—sitting quietly at the door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together, the contented, thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, and me, Tony, and our guide sitting with them, all on one log; the difference of the scene I had left,—the immense way I had to get from this corner of the world, to see any thing I loved,—the difference of the life I should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps at their age discontented, disappointed, and miserable, wishing for power, &c. &c.—My dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least I thought so at that moment.

However, here I am now with my regiment, up at six in the morning doing all sorts of right things, and liking it very much, determined to go

home next spring, and live with you a great deal. Employment keeps up my spirits, and I shall have more every day. I own I often think how happy I could be with G * * in some of the spots I see; and envied every young farmer I met, whom I saw sitting down with a young wife whom he was going to work to maintain. I believe these thoughts made my journey pleasanter than it otherwise would have been; but I don't give way to them here. Dearest mother, I sometimes hope it will end well,—but shall not think any more of it till I hear from England.

CATHERINE I. WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE history of this female, who was exalted from a low station to the imperial throne of Russia, is known to many.

Catherine was in the humblest capacity, that of servant, when she attracted Peter's regards.

When she became his wife her influence over him was unbounded; not from the solidity of her judgment, or the brilliancy of her wit; but from the sweetness, pliability, and equanimity of her temper. His companion in all his wars and expeditions, she alone knew how to assuage the ferocity of his temper; her gentle forbearance, her soothing tones, almost invariably served to allay his wildest transports of rage. The influence she possessed she never abused, and used it only for purposes of mercy and beneficence, and many a miserable wretch owed his life to her interference.

Catherine had once nearly fallen a victim to Peter's resentment; she was suspected of too great intimacy with one of her chamberlains, a very handsome young man of the name of Mons. Peter, in order to be convinced of the truth, pretended to leave Petersburg for the purpose of passing a few days at one of his summer villas, and while he secretly returned to his winter palace in town, he sent a page with a message to his wife, as from the country. By this finesse, he surprised Catherine in an arbour with Mons; his sister Madame Balke, a lady of the Bedchamber being stationed without on the watch. The Czar struck Catherine a blow with his cane, and without speaking a word he repaired to the apartment of Prince Repnin, assuring him that he would make a public example of the Empress. Dissuaded from this, he sentenced Mons to lose his head, and sending his sister to Siberia, when she had received the punishment of the knout, he conveyed Catherine, after the execution of the chamberlain, in an open carriage under the gibbet to which his head was nailed. Without any change of countenance she said, "Pity so much corruption should be found amongst courtiers."

When Catherine succeeded to the Empire, after the death of Peter, she enjoyed the good-will of her people by her mild and gracious conduct towards them. She reduced the capitation tax, removed the gibbets from the public places, and had the criminals interred who remained unburied. She recalled the exiles from Siberia, and paid all the arrears due to the troops; but averse to business she abandoned herself to pleasure; she drank immoderately of Tokay wine, of which she was extremely fond; this aggravated a cancer and a dropsy, with which she was afflicted, and took her off in the thirty-ninth year of her age. She was unable to read or write; and her daughter was always obliged to sign her name to all despatches. Sensible, good tempered, and ever willing to oblige, Catherine never forgot a benefit. She had been before her marriage protected in the family of Gluck; and when Wurmb, who had been tutor to Gluck's children, presented himself before her, after her exaltation, she said, "What, thou good man, art thou alive still? I will provide for thee;" and she gave him a handsome pension. Gluck had died a prisoner at Moscow: Catherine pensioned his widow, made his son a page, portioned his two eldest daughters, and appointed the youngest to be her maid of honour.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

PERHAPS there is scarcely an ordinary oath administered in any of the transactions of life so little regarded—so little even remembered by all classes, as that taken in the most solemn manner, and in the presence of the ALMIGHTY, by the husband and wife—"Love, honour, and obey."—How many wives "love, honour, and obey" their lords? How many even think of doing so? and yet there is an oath recorded against them, every simple violation of which is distinct perjury. No woman should marry without first knowing her husband's character so well that she may OBEY him with discretion and safety. She yields herself at the altar to his disposition, from which even an attempt to fly, is a crime. A wife who contradicts her husband is forsworn. No matter what manner of man he be, she must "obey," if she keeps her oath. She has made no reserve on condition at the marriage ceremony. She has not said "I will honour and obey, if he shall deserve it." Her contract is unconditional. It would be better for young ladies before they yield the fatal "yes," to take this view of the subject. They have a duty to perform to their husband, whether he be kind or unreasonable: and they must remember the poet's words—

"When is no strife,
To the dark home and the detested wife,"

ESSAY ON ELOCUTION.

Read before the "St. John Young Men's Debating Society,"
At a late private meeting, by Mr. V. H. Nelson.

[The taste already prominent in this Society for that useful branch of popular education—Public Lectures, is increasing; and, however laudable humility may be, we trust that very few of its members will hold their abilities too far below mediocrity to make an attempt to be useful in this range of action. It is only by turning the attention wholly to the study of one subject at a time that the mind can acquire proficiency in any; and it is an easy matter for any person of ordinary understanding, while so studying, to make such notes of the most important features of his subject, as may not only always present it to his own memory in one comprehensive view, but likewise afford much edification to others. No valuable attainment is ever mastered without determined and judicious effort. We give the contents of Mr. Nelson's paper *verbatim*.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I do not know that I can sufficiently justify myself for intruding the following Essay upon your notice; but, desirous of testifying my duty to this Society, I claim your indulgence, whilst, with every sentiment of respect, I proceed to lay before you the contents of this paper. As in this Essay my ambition is, to be thought rather useful than original, I have endeavoured to profit by all that has been written on the subject by any author of note, to whom I confess myself indebted for any knowledge I possess of the science of speaking. I hope, therefore, I will not be accused of having more vanity than my neighbours, though I am the first who has taken the liberty of introducing this subject.

ELOCUTION has at length obtained its proper rank in public estimation, and is reckoned not merely an ornamental, but a necessary and useful branch of polite education. Indeed, it seems not a little surprising, that, in this country, where all other literary pursuits are so eagerly and so successfully cultivated, this essential and captivating art should have remained so long neglected, whilst its utility was universally acknowledged. When we reflect how much the study of elocution is now encouraged, it may seem an idle waste of words to insist on its importance. All the causes to which the powers of elocution are owing, have been generalized into what is termed natural language. This, though perhaps inferior to artificial language, still renders the description more plain and vivid, and assuredly transmits emotion with a power and a delicacy, of which words unassisted are incapable: we not go far for a proof of this. The voice is without doubt the most efficient instrument in delivery; but, even without its aid,—by gesture alone—the dumb can converse intelligibly with each other; and the ancient mimics not only made their hearers at once comprehend the whole story of the drama, but even agitated them with various passions. Such are its powers, that a look has electrified a whole theatre, and a cry of woe has wrung the heart with more acute grief than the most pathetic writing ever excited.—Elocution, like composition, is an imitative art; but with this difference: the latter speaks only to the fancy—the former paints to the senses; consequently, the representation becomes more palpable. Like music, it addresses the ear, but it has the superior power of sounds adapted for convincing, as well as for pleasing and moving. Like painting, it can shew all that is

graceful, majestic, and expressive in attitude; but it moreover combines with these the variety and energy of life.

FAR be it from me hence to infer that elocution is superior in dignity and utility to those branches of the fine arts. I readily admit that these possess in themselves potent causes of exciting pleasure, and if elocution possesses many of these properties in common, and others in a superior degree, and thus renders composition more delightful and more forcible, it must surely deserve cultivation. Facts innumerable prove this; for while some speakers, indifferent in all other respects, have from the grace and dignity of their delivery been followed and applauded; others far more sound in arguments and in finished language, have from their deficiency in manners passed unnoticed. Bacon considers this as necessary to a public speaker as decorum is to a gentleman; and Demosthenes, when thrice asked what was the most important requisite of a public speaker, thrice answered, *action*. Cicero also held elocution in high estimation, as it is well known that he practised under the best masters. He even travelled into foreign countries to overcome various defects of voice and manner; and, in consequence, acquired a delivery in the highest degree captivating and commanding. Indeed, one half of the stirring effects of eloquence among the ancients seems to have been entirely owing to their delivery. This may easily be gathered from their own writers on the subject—one of whom speaks in the following terms: "The spirit, the most exquisite perfection, is gone; and it differs in nothing from a body, beautiful indeed, but motionless and dead."

The late Mr. Pitt was taught to declaim when a mere boy, and even then was much admired for his talent in recitation. The result was, that his grace and dignity on his first appearance in Parliament, commanded in the attention of his audience the stillness of night. Lord Mansfield is said to have been in the habit, when young, of reciting different speeches and orations on his native mountains, and to have practised before Mr. Pope as his corrector; accordingly, his melodious voice and graceful action seem to have made as deep an impression as the beauties of his style. It is said of Lord Chatham, that his mind was to be viewed in his countenance. So embodied was it in every look and gesture, that his words were rather to be felt than followed. He spoke with the air and vehemence of inspiration, and the very atmosphere flamed around him. Dr. Franklin has justly observed of the celebrated Whitfield, that it would have been fortunate for his reputation if he had left no written works, for they were certainly below mediocrity; but his elocution was perfect. I give an instance of the admiration of his hearers: A man of Exeter stood with stones in his pocket, and one in his hand ready to throw at him, but dropped it before the sermon was far advanced. He went up to him after the preaching was over, and said: "Sir, I came to hear you with the intention to break your head, but God through your preaching has broken my heart." A shipbuilder was once asked what he thought of him; "Think," replied he, "I'll

tell you, sir; every Sunday I go to my Parish Church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but, were it to save my soul, under Whittier's I could not lay a single plank." Such then are the effects of elocution.

I shall now proceed to treat on the principles of elocution, commencing with

THE VOICE.

The voice is the organ of eloquence, and has the entire dominion of one sense. All that articulate language and tones can effect, to influence the understanding and win the affections, depends on the power of the voice addressed to the ear. The very name of eloquence is derived from the exertions of the voice, and where the voice fails, eloquence ceases to have living existence.

ARTICULATION.

Purity of articulation is not only essential to a public speaker, but it is of the utmost importance even in private conversation. The person who confuses and nibbles his words, presents his hearer with only fragments of his meaning. If then a clear and distinct articulation is so very important in private conversation, in a public speaker it becomes absolutely indispensable.

MODULATION.

The modulation of the voice is the proper management of its tones, so as to produce grateful melodies to the ear. Upon the modulation of the voice, depends that variety which is so pleasing, and so necessary to refresh the ear in a long oration. The opposite fault is monotony, which consists of one tone of voice, and becomes so disagreeable that it cannot possibly retain the attention of an audience for any length of time. To the variety so grateful to the ear, not only change of tone is requisite, but also change of delivery. The force and rapidity of utterance ought to vary in compliance with the nature of the subject. Narration should proceed equally; pathetic slowly; instruction with authority; argument with intensity, determination and vigor; and passion with force and rapidity.

The art of varying the tones of the voice not only affords pleasure to the hearer, but also relieves the speaker. The voice must be adapted to the subject and the feelings of the mind, so as not to be at variance with the expressions. "This is the great art."

TONES.

It was necessary to society, and to the state of human nature in general, that the language of the animal passions, in man at least, should be fixed, self-evident, and universally intelligible; and it has accordingly been impressed by the unerring hand of nature on the human frame. Therefore, all the affections and emotions belonging to man in his animal state, are so distinctly characterised by certain marks, that they cannot be mistaken; and this language carries with it the stamp of its Almighty Artificer—utterly unlike the poor workmanship of imperfect man: it is not only understood by all the different nations of the world, without pains or study, but also excites similar emotions in all minds. Thus the tones expressive of sorrow, lamentation, mirth, joy, hatred, anger, love, pity, &c., are the same in all nations; and, whenever the force of any

passion is extreme, words give place to articulate sounds. Sighs and murmurings in love; sobs, groans, and cries in grief; half-choked sounds in rage; and shrieks in terror, are the language which all understand: and the experience of mankind may be appealed to, whether these have not more power in exciting sympathy than anything that can be done by mere words.

Now, it is to be observed, that each species of animals seems to have a language of its own, not at all understood or felt by the rest. Thus the lowing of the cow affects not the lamb, nor does the calf regard the bleating of the sheep. The neighing of the steed calls up all the attention of the horse kind; they gaze towards the place whence the sound proceeds, and answer it, or run thither, whilst the cows and the sheep raise not their heads from the ground, but continue to feed unmoved. The roaring of the lioness makes the forest tremble—it is the sweetest music in the ears of her young. As the passions and emotions of the several kinds of animals are very different, according to their different natures, so there is an equal diversity of tones, by which these several passions and emotions are expressed, even from the horrible roaring of the lion to the gentle bleating of the lamb, from the loud bellowing of the wild bull to the low purrings of the domestic cat. But there is no passion whatever in the whole animal world, which is not to be found in man; so equally comprehensive is the language of his passions, which are all manifested by suitable tones. Thus the roaring of the lion is not more terrible than the voice of his anger; nor the cooings of the pigeon more soft than the murmurs of his love. The crowing of the morning cock is not so clear as the notes of his joy; nor the melancholy murmurs of the turtle so plaintive as those of his woe. The horse rejoices in the applauding tones of his master's voice, and trembles when he changes them to anger: thus by tones the waggoner drives his team, and the herdsman his flock; and the shout of a multitude will put to flight the wildest and most savage beasts, when the roaring of thunder would not affect them.

The Chinese language is chiefly made up of tones; for some of their words have each sixty different meanings,—according to the variations of tone in which they are pronounced. This certainly shows the power and efficacy of the human voice.

It would be tedious to enter into detail, by citing the many rules and exercises which exemplify the principles of elocution. The foregoing are what I considered most useful; and I do not wish to sacrifice your attention by being prolix. Some more capable member may at a future period enlarge and improve upon the observations I have submitted; but, before concluding, I beg to remark, that as this is the first essay I have ever attempted, I shall expect your indulgence for any inaccuracies it may contain. Almost a stranger to the science of which it treats, having very little leisure to study extensively, my only motive in coming forward was to testify my regard for the Society, and discharge a duty, which, in common with other members, I conceive each individual owes to the whole body.

In conclusion, the better to enable you to retain in memory the substance of what I have advanced, I will read a compression of the whole into a few

RULES AND HINTS.

1. Always when you read or speak, preserve an erect attitude.
2. Keep your throat and nostrils clear.
3. Let the speaker often habituate himself to breathe solely through his nostrils by shutting his mouth: this practice will widen the cavity, and strengthen the nasal muscles.
4. Often read aloud in the fields, where the air is open and fresh.
5. Acquire a roundness and openness of speech.
6. Never run yourself out of breath, nor appear to be fatigued: breathe almost imperceptibly, without puffing.
7. Always enter into the spirit of the subject, and make your expression as nearly as possible correspond with your speech: this generally engages the attention of your hearers, and meets with universal applause.
8. Let your pronunciation be bold and forcible.
9. Let your articulation be distinct and deliberate.
10. Pronounce your words with propriety and elegance.
11. To every significant word of more than one syllable apply its proper accent.
12. Accompany the emotions and passions which your words express, by corresponding tones, looks, and gestures; but never "overstep the modesty of nature."

THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.*

A GERMAN SKETCH.

SUSANNAH REISACHER was one of those hardy, straight-forward, strong-built, and sober-minded children that we meet with now and then; and at the first glance we assure ourselves that, be their condition what it may, they will inevitably make the best of it, and thrive progressively through life, without any other distinction than that of always doing their duty. Susannah fully bore out the promise of her countenance. She was one of the most diligent and orderly scholars of Sasbach school, the most attentive to the duties of her household affairs, and steady beyond comparison in those she owed to her old father and her elderly aunt. She was twelve years old when she first attracted my notice; and her father had been ferryman of Sasbach, in the district or parish of Breisach, for more than double that number of years. And it must be confessed that old Johan Reisacher had the appearance of one who had been blown about by the east winds of life. He looked more worn than his thread-bare gray jacket, and yet there was an air of precaution and

economy about him that promised an unusual length of days both to himself and to his wardrobe.

It was, within a few minutes, more or less, just four o'clock, on the 15th of September, 1831, when I resolved to cross by the Sasbach ferry, and resume my evening walk on the other side of the river; for the mid-day meal had been long over, and, like all eaten bread, soon forgotten. But, on approaching the well-known boat, I paused to observe the innocent appropriation of the hour, on the part of my old acquaintance and his young attendant. There stood Susannah in the middle of the boat—her feet and legs unconscious of shoes and stockings: and there sat old Johan at one end of it, indulging in all the garrulous greetings common to the proprietors of wrinkles and gray hairs. The coffee-jug, which he at times applied to his lips, seemed to liquidize his imagination; and, from his gestures, I could fancy him in a diluted state of feeling, altogether amiable. The bread remained beside him for graver discussion. But just at this moment I was unfortunately perceived, and the meal came to an untimely end.

With all the ready bustle of one who wisely and habitually considers his business as of more importance than his ease, friend Reisacher rose from his seat, laid his hand on the oar, declared himself ready, with his usual obstinate activity; and, on my stepping into the boat, he proceeded to make his angular transit, first against the current, and then with it, with geometrical precision; and in five minutes we were at the opposite side of the river, which moved on in a sullen swell, reflecting the dark and heavy autumn clouds that rolled slowly above. During those five minutes I had succeeded in tempting the venerable *connoisseur* to accompany me to a village not quite half a league from the ferry, for the purpose of looking at a wood-ranger's horse, which, making liberal allowance for the errors of its education and its potato diet, was very much the sort of animal that I had a mind to purchase.

To ask the opinion of Johan Reisacher on such a matter was to bind him to you for ever. But I scarcely know what unlucky prophecy, or abortive imprecation might have followed the rejection of his advice if once solicited. There was a self-opinionated stubbornness about him, that never forgave a slight offered to his judgment. But I am dipping into his character, when it is his daughter's conduct I want to describe.

"Susannah, child," said the old man, "keep the boat here, and wait for me, I shall be back in three little half-hours. Let no one persuade you to cross, for the wind is raising, and the current

* Abridged and slightly altered from the August No. of the "Lady's Book," Philadelphia, 1837. The writer is T. C. GRAYSON, Esq., author of "Highways & Bye-ways."

is very strong ; and the weather seems upon the change—I feel that we shall have a squally evening. But I shall be with you in time to take you home, and excuse you from your good aunt Lena's scolding for staying out so long." And so saying, he drew up, coiled the rope round a tree hard by, and away we went, the weather-seer carefully avoiding to look up at the sky, (which could have told any fool that bad weather was coming,) lest his atmospheric sagacity might appear less profound than he meant me to believe it.

Susannah took out her blue worsted stocking, and multiplied its parallelograms, comfortably indifferent to the cold gusts that swept across the valley.

But after a time, the heavy cloud which old Reisacher preferred not seeing, and the chilling wind which his daughter seemed determined not to feel, began to burst and hiss ; and a sudden stop was put to my companion's vainglorious panegyrics on his own infallibility of judgment in matters of horse-flesh, by a loud crash of thunder.

"There will be a storm," said I.

"Aye, indeed there will ; but I scarcely thought it would be so bad as what is coming," replied Johan, thoughtfully, and staring full in the face of the lowering sky. "Yet the child need not get wet for all that, unless she likes it ; for is not there the old tarpaulin and the oars, whereof she may make a covering?"

I saw clearly that old Reisacher was appealing to himself, rather than to me, so I waited until his inclination prompted him to step out faster on our way to the woodranger's house, which we at last reached, as nearly wet through as it was possible to be. The wood-ranger was at home, but the horse was not ; and the storm increased, and so, at last, did the father's anxiety about his only child.

"I must go back," said he, gazing from the eminence we stood on, back towards the Rhine ; "Susannah will be frightened. Pray look at the river, Sir, I never saw it more furious, and never so suddenly aroused."

"It is a fine sight to look at from this safe distance," said I ; "but it has few charms for the poor fellows in that boat, that is tossed about so roughly."

"Tis true for you, sir ; I doubt if it be not in great danger," observed Johan, eyeing keenly the wave-buffeted little craft to which I called his attention. It was heavily laden with a large freight of fire-wood, so heavily, that even in the smoothest weather, the gunwale would have touched the water's edge. It was in the middle of the river, endeavouring to force its way up against the stream, by the aid of a square and tat-

tered-looking sail, but every effort of the men who managed it was baffled by the extreme violence of the waves, which we could plainly see washing clear over it from stem to stern.

"I'll just wish you good evening, Sir, and hurry on to the ferry : and I hope the boat may have succeeded in passing it before I arrive, for that ledge of rock just above the station is hard to pass in such a dreadful squall," said my companion, with benevolent anxiety. But I was not disposed to part with him thus. The danger to which the unhappy boatmen were exposed was attraction sufficient to lead me closer to the scene ; and old Johan and I proceeded rapidly together on our way back, hurried silently forward by the force of mere excitement, and never losing sight of the struggling vessel, which, though it scarce made any way, was nevertheless gaining on us, as we approached the ferry in now nearly parallel line with the river.

Every moment that led us nearer, showed us the increasing peril of the frail craft ; and I thought I could distinguish at times a despairing cry for aid from the two men who were imperfectly managing her, and whose gestures, as she was heavily tossed to and fro by the angry swell, spoke a plain story of terrified helplessness. A hollow in the road made us lose sight of her for a few minutes ; and as we ascended again, in breathless impatience, we caught a new view, which confirmed our worst forebodings. The boat, either from the rudder being unshipped, or the man at the helm being washed down by a wave, had turned completely round, and was swept across to almost the other side of the river, by the strong side wind, and the violent eddy. Every wave threatened to swamp it altogether ; and it was drifting fast into the ledge of rocks alluded to by Reisacher, and over which there was now a foam of breakers scarcely to be believed by any one who has not seen the Rhine in one of its angriest moods. We were now within a few hundred yards of the ferry.

The cries for help were less frequent, for there was to all appearance no help at hand. Four or five peasants, men and women, stood at different points on the banks, throwing up their hands, and screaming unavailing advice or consolation to the poor boatmen ; and now and then the dismal echo of their shouts was rather felt than heard, as I and my old companion ran along the slippery road.

In a few minutes more the boat drifted into an eddy most particularly dreaded by the old ferryman.

"It's all over with her now : and there she goes, sure enough !" exclaimed Reisacher, as a

powerful wave caught the boat under the side, and turned it keel upwards.

"They must be lost before we can reach the river," added he, catching at the railing by the roadside, overcome by agitation and exertion, while I stopped to recover my breath, and stared down into the river from the precipitate bank. The rain now swept in sheets up the stream, and almost hid every object upon it; but I fancied I distinguished, like a phantom boat in the mist, old Johan's little skiff, striving to plunge through the waves, and rocked like a cradle by the opposing influence of the wind and tide.

"No, it cannot be! Yet, sir, it is, it is Susannah striving to steer near the wreck!" exclaimed I, involuntarily. The old man's eyes, dim from age, but their vision quickened by affection, were fixed, like mine, in straining scrutiny; and when his gaze was sure of its object, he cried out in a tone of bitterest anguish—

"Oh, my child! my Susannah! It is her—it is the boat. She will perish. Oh, save her, Heaven! save her!" And with incredible speed he darted away from our resting-place. I soon overtook him, and supported him on my arm, as he tottered, panting and exhausted, to the tree against which his little skiff had been erewhile coiled. We now saw it within fifty yards of us on the boiling surf, and the heroic child—her young heart buoyant with pity's life-blood—working her helm-like oar with all her strength, and looking pale and stern at the rain and the waves, which drenched her through and through—at the furious wind which had loosened her long hair, and sent it streaming around her—and at the broad lightning, which gave, at intervals, a supernatural hue to her whole person. She was, in a minute or two more, in the power of the formidable current, in which the half-drowned men now clung to their capsized boat, and she was nearly in as much danger as they were. It was a moment of actual distraction for her father, and of indescribable awe to me. I never shall forget the sensation of that fearful interval of suspense.

The grey-headed old man now gasped convulsively; and, wildly stretching forth his arms, he flung himself on the earth, as if to shut out the scene of almost inevitable death. The despairing men were, with hoarse, faint voices, hailing and cheering on the intrepid girl, and giving what snatches of instruction they could utter, as to the means of approaching them. But, alas! the utmost strength of a child, fortified as it must have been, by a powerful feeling of religious confidence and a noble courage, was insufficient for so severe a struggle: and I had the deep anguish of seeing the wreck, and the forlorn brothers who hung up-

on it with a fierce yet enfeebled grasp, swept by within a dozen yards of the ferry-boat.

At this moment old Reisacher started up, and he would have plunged into the merciless river, had I not forcibly held him back: but screaming louder than the storm, his voice now reached Susannah, and it seemed at once to paralyze all her power and skill. She cast her looks by turns on the wretched objects she would have saved, and on the half-maddened parent, who seemed rushing in a frantic effort to assist her.

At this crisis, Martin Buckholz, one of the brothers, perceiving that their combined hope of safety depended entirely on the possibility of his gaining the ferry-boat—for his companion could not swim—he resolved to trust himself, inexperienced, exhausted, and encumbered as he was, to the chances of the torrent. He slipped down into the water, struck out his new nerved arms to buffet every wave, and rolling and plunging with the fierce energy of despair, he little by little approached the skiff. Susannah regained her presence of mind, and she laboured at her oar with renewed strength and redoubled efforts. She soon met the bold swimmer; he grasped the prow—heaved himself up the side—caught the oar from his preserver's hands—and though now a considerable distance from the heavy-rolling wreck, he came up with it just as his brother was fainting from exhaustion and terror, and lifted him safely into the skiff.

Who can describe old Reisacher's delight, quick following his despair, as he saw the ferry-boat bounding triumphantly across the waves, with its miraculously rescued freight; the tears, the blessings, the thanksgivings, the love, the pride, the gratitude—all fell down in plenteous showers upon the head of his child, or rose up to Heaven in fervid but silent thought.

Susannah—calm, modest, and apparently unconscious in the midst of all our united praise and admiration—was destined to feel the conviction that she had done a virtuous and heroic action, without knowing, at the time, its uncommon merit.

The grand Duke of Baden, on hearing the circumstance, was pleased to bestow a gratuity of two hundred florins on our little heroine, together with a medal, as a special mark of distinction, bearing the inscription, "She trusted in God." She was, when I last saw her, a year after the adventure, receiving the full benefit of an excellent education: for some voluntary subscriptions procured her many additional advantages: and she walked at the head of her village school-fellows in their daily promenades, with a step as composed, and a look as unassuming, as before the

event which has given her name its local immortality.

But since the year 1831, friend Reisacher has lost his old sister, and given up the ferry. But the gratitude of Martin and George Buckholz does not allow him to want the comforts of a house in his old age; and I should not be at all surprised to hear at any day (for Susannah is now seventy-seven) that the gratitude of Martin, who is still unmarried, was about to give a still more permanent expression of his attachment to the younger remaining member of the female branch of the Reisacher family.

"HE CAME TOO LATE."

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

"He came too late! Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

"He came too late! At once he felt
That all his power was o'er;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt—
She thought of him no more.
Anger and grief had passed away,
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay—
No spell had memory.

"He came too late! The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound:
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,
And coldly turned away.

"He came too late! Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And spurned his fickle love."

From the New-York Book of Poetry.

SCOTCH BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

My home is nae happy now Donald's away,
The hearth is now gloomy that late was sae gay;
I sit down and sigh, in the warm ingle-nook,
And my tears flow as fast as the waves o' the brook!

The leaves are all wither'd, and faded each flower,
They feel like my heart, 'tis the cold wintry hour;
But the soft gale o' Spring will soon breathe o'er the plain,
And deck with gay verdure the woodlands again.

And the smile o' my Donald, in Spring shall I see,
More sweet than the brightness o' Nature to me;
And the sun o' that smile will all gladness restore,
And my heart, like the flow'ret, be verdant once more!

AFFECTING EPISTLE.

A FEW days before the execution of Robespierre, so notorious in French history for his heartless atrocities, the first husband of Josephine was seized and condemned to die by the guillotine; and Josephine herself escaped a similar fate, only by the death of Robespierre, a very short time previous to the hour in which her sentence was to be carried into execution. The following is a translation of the affecting letter which Josephine received on the morning after M. de Beauharnais had passed into eternity. He penned it on the night preceding his execution, while confined in the dismal dungeons of the Conciergerie; and Josephine was in a similar gloomy situation while perusing it:—

"I have yet a few minutes to devote to affection, tears and regret, and then I must wholly give myself up to the glory of my fate, and to thoughts of immortality. When you receive this letter, my dear Josephine, your husband will have ceased to live, and will be tasting true existence in the bosom of his Creator. Do not weep for him; the wicked and senseless beings who survive him are more worthy of your tears, for they are doing mischief which they can never repair. But let us not cloud the present moments by any thoughts of their guilt; I wish on the contrary to brighten them by the reflection, that I have enjoyed the affections of a lovely woman, and that our union would have been an uninterrupted course of happiness, but for errors which I was too late to acknowledge and atone for. This thought wrings tears from my eyes, though your generous heart pardons me. But this is no time to revive the recollections of my errors and your wrongs. I owe thanks to Providence, who will reward you.

That Providence now disposes of me before my time. This is another blessing for which I am grateful. Can a virtuous man live happy when he sees the whole world a prey to the wicked? I should rejoice in being taken away, were it not for the thought of leaving those I love behind me. But if the thoughts of the dying are presentiments, something in my heart tells me that these horrible butcheries are drawing to a close; the executioners will in their turn become victims; that the arts and sciences will again flourish in France; that wise and moderate laws will take place of cruel sacrifices; and that you will at length enjoy the happiness which you have always deserved. Our children will discharge the debt for their father.

I resume these incoherent and almost illegible lines, which were interrupted by the entrance of my jailors. I have just submitted to a cruel ceremony, which, under any other circumstances, I would have resisted, at the sacrifice of my life. Yet why should we rebel against necessity?—reason tells us to make the best of it we can. My hair has been cut off. I had some idea of buying a part of it, in order to leave to my wife and children an unequivocal pledge of my last recollection of them. Alas! my heart breaks at the very thought, and my tears bedew the paper on which I am writing. Adieu, all that I love! Think of me, and do not forget that to die the victim of tyrants and the martyr of liberty, sheds lustre on the scaffold."

THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

BY A PARISIAN LADY.

"WHEN I entered the apartment of the Dey, I found him reclining cross-legged upon a sofa; his brother was seated upon a chair opposite, smoking a long Turkish pipe, and his court, composed of ten or a dozen swarthy looking personages, were standing around with their hands crossed. As soon as the Dey observed me he beckoned me to advance and seat myself beside him upon the sofa. His suite immediately retired to some distance. He then asked me if I spoke Arabic, and when the interpreter replied in the negative, I said, 'I am sorry, for I do not understand French.' He then addressed to me several questions on various subjects. The impress of sadness was on his brow, and he complained of a depression of spirits. It was the anniversary of the taking of Algiers!

He spoke of his voyage from Algiers to Naples and Florence, and made many observations on the customs of the Europeans. I casually remarked that it was my wish to visit Algiers. He seriously remonstrated against the undertaking. 'You will be as unhappy at Algiers,' said he, 'as I am in this country. Doubtless the language, the society, the manners of your countrymen the French, are as necessary to your happiness, as those of the Musselmans are to mine.'

His observations in general bespoke a fine capacity, and well-regulated mind. I had reason to remark that he was a man who had reflected deeply. His physiognomy is hard and severe; his eyes bright and penetrating, overhung by thick and shaggy eye-brows; and his long, grisly and bushy beard gave him rather an unpleasant aspect. He smiled often when I spoke to him, and that smile, contrasted with the rough and uncouth expression of his countenance, gave him the appearance of a wild and ferocious beast in a playful mood.

His costume was extremely simple; the only gems which ornamented his person was an enormous ruby on his little finger. He offered me snuff from a box of massive gold, richly garnished with precious stones; this snuff exhaled a delightful odour of jasmine. Coffee was afterwards handed round in golden cups, wrought with wonderful art. After I had sipped the contents of my cup, I requested permission to visit the ladies. He immediately sent a messenger to ascertain if his wife was ready to receive me—which seemed at first rather doubtful, as she was suffering from ill health, and had only that morning been bled. Notwithstanding which, the ladies replied, that they would see me with pleasure. They immediately prepared their toilette, and when I was admitted, the finery and jewels with which they were ornamented, were truly dazzling. The legitimate wife of the Dey was seated upon a cushion of brocade and gold; her eldest daughter sat beside her, holding in her arms a beautiful boy. One of her daughters, about ten years of age, who is betrothed to a Turkish Prince who accompanies the Dey, and will be married in a few months, was near her on the other side. Their court consisted of about a dozen persons, some of them were white, and a

black eunuch exceedingly ugly. The wife of the Dey was a charming looking woman, finely formed, social and polite, and possessing much native wit.

This Princess desired me to be seated on a cushion near her. She particularly examined my dress, which appeared to please her infinitely. She took off my hat and placed it on the head of her youngest daughter, who wore a bonnet of red velvet, embroidered with gold, and thickly studded with diamonds, pearls, emeralds and turquoises.

I was informed that the wife of the Dey is more than forty years of age—though she appears hardly thirty. She is as fresh as a rose; has lively and brilliant eyes, and beautiful teeth. She was a wife at ten years of age, and became a mother at twelve."

THE YOUNG MOURNER.

BY MRS. MARY HOWITT.

LEAVING her sports, in pensive tone,
"Twas thus a fair young mourner said,
"How sad we are now we're alone—
I wish my mother was not dead!

I can remember she was fair;
And how she kindly looked and smiled,
When she would fondly stroke my hair,
And call me her beloved child.

Before my mother went away,
You never sighed as now you do;
You used to join us at our play,
And be our merriest playmate too.

Father, I can remember when
I first observed her sunken eye,
And her pale, hollow cheek; and then
I told my brother she would die!

And the next morn they did not speak,
But led us to her silent bed;
They bade us kiss her icy cheek,
And told us she indeed was dead!

Oh, then I thought how she was kind,
My own belov'd and gentle mother!
And calling all I knew to mind,
I thought there ne'er was such another!

Poor little Charles, and I, that day
We sat within our silent room;
But we could neither read nor play—
The very walls seemed full of gloom.

I wish my mother had not died,
We never have been glad since then;
They say, and is it true," she cried,
"That she can never come again!"

The father checked his tears, and thus
He spake, "My child, they do not err,
Who say she cannot come to us;
But you and I may go to her.

Remember your dear mother still,
And the pure precepts she has given;
Like her, be humble, free from ill,
And you shall see her face in heaven!"

The above touching stanzas are selected from a neat volume of poems, all from the pen of the credited authoress, entitled, "Tales in verse," Edinburgh, 1836.

BIOGRAPHY.

For our biographic columns of this month, we copy Chambers's sketch of the life and death of the celebrated chief of Poland:—

KOSCIUSZKO.

This distinguished patriot—the Wallace of his country—was born in Lithuania, a district of Poland, in the year 1746. He was the son of one of the lesser barons of the country, a race corresponding in rank with our petty squires or lords of the manor. Though held distinctly as members of the nobility, the family was poor; and it was by close attention to the agricultural concerns of his estate, that the father of Thaddeus Kosciuszko could maintain his family in comfort and respectability. Having served, however, in his youth, under Prince Adam Czartoryski, through that illustrious nobleman's friendship he easily obtained a free education for his son in the Cadet Institution, which Stanislaus, then king of Poland, had a short time before established at Warsaw. In this Academy, young Thaddeus distinguished himself highly for the ardour which he evinced in the pursuit of his studies, particularly of mathematics and history. A fellow student has shown this eager application in a strong light, by informing us that Thaddeus, in order to make sure of rising as early as three o'clock, was in the habit of nightly attaching a string by one end to his arm, while the other passed out by the door of his room, and was pulled by the stove-keeper at the appointed hour in the morning. Besides its ultimate consequences, this application to study was not without its immediate reward. Kosciuszko was one of the youths, chosen by general examination, who were furnished, by the bounty of Stanislaus, with the means of improving themselves by travel and study in foreign lands.

After spending two years at the military academy at Versailles, Kosciuszko returned to Poland, and entered the army, in which, in consequence of the King's appreciation of his merits, he speedily obtained the rank of captain. A circumstance, however, soon after occurred, which drove the young soldier for a time from the land he loved so well. In the end of the year 1777, his regiment was quartered in Lithuania, and he himself lodged in the castle of Joseph Sosnowski, Marshal of Lithuania, and vice-general of the crown. Kosciuszko, at the moment, thought his situation most blessed, for he had fixed his affections on Lady Louisa, the daughter of this very nobleman. Abundance of opportunities now fell in his way for the disclosure of his passion, and he was successful in exciting a reciprocal feeling in the lady's breast. With the frankness peculiar to his hono-

rable nature, Kosciuszko desired Lady Louisa to reveal every thing to her parents; and the consequence was, that the proud noble and his wife rejected with scorn the idea of a union with a poor soldier, and forbade all intercourse between the lovers. They found means, however, to meet in secret, and in despair resorted to an elopement. They were pursued and overtaken at the instant when they were congratulating each other on their successful scheme. Kosciuszko drew his sword to defend and retain his beloved, but he was overpowered by numbers, and left on the ground, wounded and alone. He never loved again; and the only relic which he possessed of his mistress, a white handkerchief which she dropped on being seized, never afterwards quitted his bosom, in the hottest hour of battle, by day or by night.

On recovering from a three hours' swoon which succeeded to the scene we have described, Kosciuszko crawled feebly to a neighbouring village, where one of his friends resided. This friend was Julian U. Niemcewicz, afterwards the most celebrated of Poland's modern poets, and now living in England, a voluntary exile from his native land. With this distinguished fellow-countryman, Kosciuszko remained for a time in retirement till his wounds were healed, after which he resigned his commission with the King's leave, and repaired to America, to drown his private grief in the midst of the active struggle for freedom in which the States were then engaged. On presenting himself as a volunteer before General Washington a conversation took place, which shows strikingly the simple character of both of these great men. "What do you seek here?" was the brief query of the American leader. "I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence," said the frank and fearless Pole. Washington's next question was, "What can you do?" "Try me," was the brief rejoinder of Kosciuszko.

He was tried, and his talents, science, and valour being soon appreciated, he was made an officer, and afterwards further promoted. On one occasion early in his American career, he attracted the notice of Lafayette, his commander for the time, and laid the foundation of a friendship that continued through life. In many of the most important battles and sieges in this war, the noble Pole bore a distinguished part, and won the entire confidence of the discerning Washington. The influence which Kosciuszko gained over the American volunteers whom he led, was boundless, and it is gratifying to think, that it led to the sparing of bloodshed. Indeed, the Polish volunteer's name throughout the army was equally associated with bravery and humanity. At one time, by

his personal interference, he saved the lives of forty English soldiers who had been surprised by night, and thus he did even contrary to his superior's commands.

Upon the establishment of peace between Britain and the States, Kosciuszko returned with a high reputation to Poland, and was honored by the king with the rank of general of brigade, and subsequently of major-general, the first being the rank he held in America. The well-intentioned but weak Stanislaus was at this time endeavouring to free Poland from the all-potent ascendancy of Russia, and on the 3d of May, 1791, brought forward a new and improved constitutional charter, which he swore to observe, in presence of a temporary national Assembly, which joined in the oath. Kosciuszko, who since his return had brooded in silent grief over the hateful subservency of his native land to Russia, started forward enthusiastically to support the king in his establishment of a charter which tended to remove the greivous obstacle to the freedom of Poland. And great necessity was there, for the aid of all true patriots. The Empress Catherine was not long in declaring her disapprobation of the change, and when the Polish magnates in her influence joined in a confederacy to overthrow the new charter, she announced her intention of sending a body of troops immediately to their support. Divided internally, Poland, it may readily be conceived, was not in a condition to struggle against a power so great. Yet, urged by a few ardent spirits like Kosciuszko, who was named lieutenant-general in the emergency, the king, feeble and vacillating as he was, resolved to oppose force with force.

The contest did not last long, yet, during its continuance, Kosciuszko made himself conspicuous in the eyes of his countrymen, by his military skill, and a degree of daring almost incredible. These qualities were exhibited in several encounters with the enemy, but it was at the battle of Dubienka that they shone out pre-eminently at this period. With only four thousand men and eight pieces of cannon at his command, he was posted at Dubienka, to defend the passage of the Bug, a river which joins the Vistula, near Warsaw, against eighteen thousand picked Russian troops, backed by forty pieces of artillery. The conduct of the Polish hero on this occasion has been compared by military judges to that of Leonidas at Thermopylae. For five whole days did Kosciuszko repulse every attempt of the Russians, notwithstanding their great numerical superiority, and the skill of a brave leader. It was only when menaced by a heavy force behind him, that the Poles gave up the contest; and when he did

retreat, he carried off his troops in good order, with a loss of nine hundred men, while of the enemy four thousand perished. The passage of the Bug overcame the constancy of Stanislaus. A week afterwards, he renounced the new charter, and ratified by his signature the restoration, pleading at the same time the impossibility of resistance. Kosciuszko, unable to remain a spectator of his country's degradation, resigned his commission, and departed once more to bury in a foreign country the grief that oppressed him.

Admiring his brave and patriotic character, sixteen young men of the first families in Poland followed the exile to Leipsic, where he received a diploma, constituting him a French Citizen, in token of esteem, from the National Assembly of France. The days of Kosciuszko were now spent in apparent quiet and privacy, but in reality he was incessantly engaged in organising a new struggle for independence, which his position at Leipsic enabled him to do without suspicion; for, in the eyes of both friends and foes, of Poles and of Russians, he was the man in whom all hopes and fears were centered. His country looked to him for counsel and guidance, and her enemies watched his movements with a jealous eye. To baffle them, he undertook a short journey to Italy, immediately before the preparations for a new rising were brought to a head.

The smothered ferment among the Poles became almost irrepressible, when the second partition of their country by the Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, was completed on the 14th October, 1793. An accident gave partial vent to the volcano. The Russian envoy urged the senate, and to Stanislaus, who was left a mockery of a king, delivered a proposal, or rather command, from his mistress, that the Polish army should be reduced, and the greater part of it incorporated with Russian troops. Whatever the servile senators might say to this, the Polish soldiery and people could not endure it, and rioting and incendiarism rose to a great height in Warsaw and other places, which the envoy was unable to check. When the news of this was brought to Kosciuszko, he saw that the hour of trial was come, and that a leader only was wanting to turn that fire which now expended itself in mischievous sallies, into the noble course of freedom. Hastily he posted to his country, and, on the night of the 24th March, 1794, entered Cracow, the old capital of Poland, at the head of a few friends. His arrival was soon known, and had the desired effect of raising the enthusiasm of the people in favor of his project.

By an act of the nobles assembled at Cracow, he was named supreme chief of the armies of Poland, with unlimited power to nominate the mem-

bers of a National Council, over which he was to preside. On the morning after his arrival, he addressed the people, issued general proclamations, and began actively to fulfil his duty. His manifestations acted like enchantment upon the nation. The din of arms resounded every where. Peasant and handicraftsmen, noble and citizen, hastened, with what arms he could procure, to fight beneath the banner of *motherland*. Ladies tore off their jewels, and sold them to supply means to the expected deliverer. Numbers of women even took up arms, and fought by the sides of their husbands.

It is not our purpose to conduct the reader through all the details of the terrible struggle that ensued. It is sufficient to state, that, after several encounters in the field, Kosciuszko was made master of Warsaw, by a successful rising of the inhabitants, who expelled the Russians from the walls. In the capital, alternately, and in the field, Kosciuszko issued his decrees for the government of the nation, and headed her armies in the field. Moderation and wisdom marked his measures in the council, and skill and bravery distinguished his course in arms. But noble as his cause was, and though all he asked was just and free government, success was not destined to attend his exertions and those of his brave comrades. The particulars of the final scene are deeply interesting. After the Poles in other quarters were overthrown, Kosciuszko, with 20,000 men, crossed the Vistula to meet the Russians under Suwarrow and Fersen, in the latter end of September, 1794. "If any man wishes to go home," said the Polish leader to his men, "let him stand forth, and I pledge my word that he shall go in peace." No answer followed. The question was repeated more emphatically, when unanimous cries burst forth, "With thee, brave chief, we will fight to death with thee!" An army animated with such a feeling was not to be easily overcome, even by double numbers. The contest was indeed one of "the bloodiest pictures in the book of time." Kosciuszko, in the course of the day, had three horses shot under him, and was once prostrated by a wound in the shoulder. His friend Niemcewicz assisted him to a fresh horse, but his fall had disordered the Poles, and they were driven back. Hurrying to recover them, the chief's horse fell in leaping a ditch, and Cossacks and carabineers were instantly upon him. By one enemy he was wounded in the head, and by another in the neck. Completely exhausted, Kosciuszko fell back, exclaiming, "Finis Poloniae!" (the end of Poland.) "Freedom," says the well-known line of the poet,

"Freedom shrieked, as Kosciuszko fell!"

Within a month after this event, Poland was a conquered country, and was in a short time deprived even of the shadow of independence she had hitherto possessed in her king. Kosciuszko meanwhile was kindly treated by his captors, though the effects of his wound debilitated him for life. The empress kept him in confinement in St. Petersburg, from which, at her death in 1796, he was liberated, with professions of esteem, by the capricious Paul, who likewise bestowed on him a considerable sum of money. To the offers of a field-Marshal's rank, on condition of entering the Russian service, Kosciuszko gave a direct refusal, though he was forced to consent not to bear arms again against Russia. The bruised and broken-spirited Pole then set out with his friend Niemcewicz to America, where the Congress and the Nation at large received him with open arms. Besides many honours, they conferred on him the substantial benefit of the pay he had formerly earned in their service. This not only enabled him to return, with respectful expressions of gratitude, the sum received from Paul, but furnished a capital sum, the interest of which served to maintain him through life. Before leaving America, Kosciuszko showed that misfortunes had not soured his nature, by leaving in Jefferson's hands a considerable sum, to be employed after a time for the purposes of education and of portioning *slave girls*. This sum was so well managed, that it amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, after several years had elapsed.

After his return to Europe, Kosciuszko, in 1798, took up his abode in France. His Military career was now terminated, by his oath to Paul, and his life henceforward was one continued exhibition of the peaceful virtues. The French characteristically made the Polish hero's visit to their country the subject of fêtes and acclamations; but though he loved the society of distinguished men in private, he shrunk from spectacles and assemblies, after avoiding the charge of churlishness by attending one banquet in his honour. At this, while others spoke with ostentatious feeling of his country, Kosciuszko only wept. It was in Paris that he formed an intimacy with the family of M. Zeltner, the Swiss envoy, with whom he soon after took up his residence. This friendship lasted through life. Bonaparte, when First Consul, attempted to engage the exile in the French service; but his sword had been drawn only for freedom, and could not become a mercenary one.

Up till the year 1814, Kosciuszko continued to reside in peaceful retirement in France. During all this period, few incidents of any consequence occurred to interrupt his quiet. On the occasion of the French troops occupying Rome in the end

of the eighteenth century, the Roman Consulate had bestowed on the Polish legion the sword of John Sobieski. This the Poles transmitted to Kosciuszko, as the worthiest to possess it. A less pleasing event, during the period mentioned, was the use made of the exile's name by Napoleon, in attracting to his cause the Polish nation. Kosciuszko had indeed been pressed for his support, but had firmly refused it, because the Emperor would not secure the independence or good of Poland. Napoleon unscrupulously used his name notwithstanding, in proclamations, which the Pole was not enabled to deny till the year 1814. In that year, Kosciuszko was living at a village called Berville, when the Russian army entered France. A Polish legion in that service reached the neighbourhood of the exile, and began to commit many acts of devastation. Kosciuszko could not bear the sight. He rushed among them, and commanded them to desist. "Who are you to talk to us?" cried the scornful soldiery. "I am Kosciuszko!" At the name, officers and men fell on their knees, and with tears kissed the hem of his garments. They obeyed him like children, and the neighbourhood was saved.

By an invitation at this period, the Polish patriot visited the Emperor Alexander at Paris, and received from him many promises of good to Poland. With the same monarch he had another interview at Vienna, in 1815, whither he went in pursuance of a request for his intercession with the Congress for the magnates of Poland. The result was again—promises. After this period, Kosciuszko made a tour through Italy, and finally settled for life in the family of a brother of M. Zeitner. He never mingled with the world again, though many Poles visited him with the devotion of pilgrims. All his life from this time was spent in visiting and relieving the poor—acts which he kept secret even from the family circle. In the spring of 1817, by a public deed, he freed the peasants on his patrimonial estate from bondage, and about the same time had the pleasure of a visit from the lady of his only love, now Princess Lubomirska. Her society gave him pleasure unspeakable, and they parted with the promise of meeting again the following spring. Alas! on the 15th of October of the same year, Kosciuszko breathed his last.

His body was buried in Switzerland, but it was raised in 1820, and conveyed to Poland. An immense mound, at which almost every inhabitant of the nation, male and female, assisted to work, was raised at Warsaw to his memory.

Thus felt Kosciuszko; exhibiting a thrilling picture of

"A brave man, struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with his falling state."

MEN AND MANNERS.

THE NEWZEALANDER.

We had indulged the hope of gratifying such of our readers as delight in the study of physiognomy, by presenting in the first number of the Journal a representation of the countenance of the Newzealander who arrived at St. John in the ship "James Stewart," a few months since; but the difficulties occurring were too great to justify the attempt. We must therefore be content to give a brief sketch of his person; together with such particulars of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of his country, as we could glean from the representation of two intelligent young men who have witnessed the facts.

Tootena (the native name of our subject) is yet a curiosity—although now divested of his native garb, and arrayed in the common habiliments of the country upon which fortune has transiently thrown him. The colour and lineaments of his countenance, his manners, and especially his tattooed face, are sufficient to command some attention, and excite enquiry. He is apparently very muscular, and possessed of great strength, is about 5 feet 10 inches in height, and his limbs are well proportioned. His complexion is a medium between the North American Indian and the African negro, and his features in many points partake of a similar resemblance—his face being broad, nose rather flat, cheek bones prominent, mouth extremely wide, and his strong black hair slightly inclining to the curly nature of the African's. His eyes seem peculiar, being very large and prominent; so that upon the least agitation of mind, they roll quickly around with a terrific glare, as if starting from their sockets. He wears no beard, resembling, in this respect, the majority of his countrymen. With the exception of a high square forehead, his features do not bear a dignified aspect; nor do they strike the eye as indicating greatness of soul in the possessor, as has been the case with some Newzealanders whom we have seen. One of those in particular possessed those characteristic features which we often see and hear ascribed to many conspicuous warriors of ancient Rome; and had a remarkable similarity to those of Black Hawk, the once conquering—now conquered—chief of an extensive tribe of Indians in the rear of the Southern States, since driven far back into the American forest.

The Newzealanders in general differ from the description in minor particulars, which will be noticed in the succeeding remarks.

The custom of cutting curve-lines in the skin of the face—or tattooing, as it is called—is practised in order to preserve an account of the battles in which they engage, and to invest each individual with the privileges attendant upon the services thus performed to his tribe. The figures are cut with a sharp piece of bone; and every battle in which a native is an actor entitles him to the infliction of a certain number, as honorable scars; which, by the way, is a very conspicuous as well as an almost certain method of transmitting his glories to lasting remembrance. Tootena's nose, upper lip, and left cheek only are tattooed. The Newzealanders are divided into various tribes; and cherish a system of at-

most continual warfare. Their principle hostile implement is the war-club, formed of a flat piece of hard and heavy wood, about six feet in length, by sharpening both edges, like a common boat oar, with a knob at the small end to secure the grasp. They also use the tomahawk, which they obtain by giving provisions in exchange, from the vessels which go thither; the handle they attach to it is six feet long. Many of them have guns and good supplies of ammunition, likewise procured of the whalers who visit the Islands. Nor are they, it appears, destitute of dexterity in the use of them; for Tootena, though not above 22 years of age, and the hero of but two or three fights, has the marks of four musket balls in his body—one across his neck, one on his shoulder, and two in his thigh: his escape must have been providential. As usual among savages, the prisoners taken by either party in battle, are made perpetual slaves; and the victors will sell the vanquished—part or parcel—to white men. Tootena was in disconsolate slavery previous to his embarkation on board the "James Stewart." He swam to the ship, while moored off the Island where he was in bondage, and choose rather to labour for strangers, and face a long and tedious voyage, than remain captive in an enemy's power, although at no great distance from his own tribe. He is now very industrious, refuses to take strong liquor, and can interrogate and answer with ease, having acquired considerable fluency in the English language, since his departure from the Island, a year since. The Newzealanders are fond of smoking, and when not thus employed, their pipes are thrust into holes bored in their ears, where they dangle in as happy style as a huge drop in the earring of a dashing village belle. So remarkable indeed is their partiality for the use of tobacco, that even their very children smoke and chew it. Their dress consists of a coarse matting mantle in cool weather; or, in the oppressive heat of summer, a very slight garment round the loins—sometimes not even that.

New Zealand was discovered by the Dutch in 1642; when the nations were very ferocious and cruel—killing all who attempted to land. Subsequent casual intercourse, and the visits of missionaries from England, have diffused but a very slight tint of civilization among them, for they are yet cannibals! Our informant states that they eat with avidity the flesh of their enemies when killed in battle; either raw or roasted. As an instance of their unmitigated savageness, he relates, that on returning, while there, from an excursion in the woods, he gave two small birds he had shot to a boy six or seven years old, who immediately devoured every particle of them!! They never, however, show any desire to practice their cannibal propensities upon white men.

But, although the Newzealanders unhesitatingly sustain warfare and troubles, and rejoice in horrible ecstasy over the woes of their enemies, they invariably exhibit towards their friends the strongest feelings of attachment. This assertion is fully confirmed by the following individual instance: On the return of the "James Stewart," she touched at the northern extremity of the island from which Tootena was taken on

board. He was permitted to go on shore, where the land was marshy and thinly inhabited. Entering a neat house, the property of a white man, he was struck with the appearance of a young native female; and upon enquiring the place of her birth, he immediately recognized her as a long lost sister, who had been stolen from her home in childhood. During the interval, a period of fifteen years, they had not once seen each other. A flood of tears, accompanied by loud moanings, was the instantaneous effect of their mutual acknowledgment, and these wild expressions of affection continued for a whole day and night without intermission. Nor is this uncommon among them; for when an individual is absent from home for even a day, his friends assemble round him upon his return, and spend an hour at least in weeping and moaning, as a congratulation for his safety.

When a free native dies, an exciting scene is exhibited among the members of the tribe to which the deceased was attached. His relatives cut themselves all over with muscle shells; and then with the whole tribe commence wailing and moaning. This extraordinary spectacle of prevailing grief continues for several days. The dead person, in the mean time, is embalmed; which process is executed by the natives in great perfection. They cut across the back of the skull in such a manner as will enable them to take out the brains, and close the wound so as not to alter the perfect form of the head; and having removed the intestines, they fill both cavities with an aromatic herb which their country produces. He is then dressed in his best habiliments; the house or hut in which he had lived torn down, and a new one erected. After remaining some time in sitting posture in front of this new dwelling, with a huge bunch of feathers sticking in the perforation through the ear—where he was wont in former days to hang his pipe—he is deposited therein, with his mantle, gun, war-club, tomahawk, and whatever other articles he was possessed of while living. The receptacle of death is then enclosed with stakes drove into the ground and painted red: these are marks of enclosure, within the precincts of which he who dares to trespass, pays his life in forfeiture, by the unanimous acclamation of the tribe. These are the ceremonies performed over the body of a free native; but when an unhappy slave yields his existence, he is (if not immediately disposed of to white men) thrown on a pile of combustibles and burnt to ashes. English ships which touch at the islands often purchase the head or other parts of a slave's body, to exhibit upon their return home as a curiosity. In this case the natives always embalm the portion in such a manner as effectually to preserve it. They often in emergency lead their slaves to battle; who, from terror, are forced to be as serviceable as their friendly warriors.

One fact is mentioned, which is in truth not very creditable to those who visit them, namely—that in comparing the habits and morals of those who have intercourse with civilized mankind and among whom Missionaries reside, with those who are more secluded, it is found that the latter are more honest than the former. Those who are addicted to pilfering, always wear their

mantles; and standing over the object they wish to possess, they stoop down and pick it up within, generally making off with it unmolested.

They never cut any thing with the knives they may happen to get by barter from the vessels visiting the Islands. The only use made of them is in playing a game common among English boys, called "Jack-knife;" at which they are very dexterous. The implements they cut with are made of hard stone and bone; and the jaw of a Shark, after sharpening the teeth, answers them very well for a saw. Their only means of navigation is the canoe—a large log hollowed out with a stone adze; which process they perform with great dispatch. When embarking upon a hostile expedition, these canoes are fastened together two and two; and they are large enough to render each pair capable of containing five hundred men. The bow of their canoe is very high, (ten feet,) surmounted by a figure-head,—the representation of a native, and generally tattooed all over, with the tongue invariably hanging out of the mouth. In the stern of the canoe is fixed an upright staff—this staff supports the Chief or Commander, who is the only individual on board permitted to stand, when the canoes are moving forward. It is his place to watch and direct the movements of the canoe, while his men sit with their heads down—each intent upon the effects of his own paddle only; while all obey, with great promptitude and silent and singular precision, the commands of their Chief.

Their ardent fondness for battle, may be attributed to the influence of their women. Truly does Mr. McKenzie remark, that "Free or subjugated they reign." They exercise their power in every country, and uncontrolled sway over the lives of the Newzealander. Their youths are scarcely looked upon by the young women, unless they are tattooed; and this is a privilege conferred upon those alone, who have performed feats of daring valour in the battles of their tripping Here, then, is a fair cause assigned for a dire effect; but deplorable as the effects may appear, the Newzealander enjoys the satisfaction of having his actions weighed, and distinctions conferred, by the only just criterion and true standard—his merit.

To exhibit in a vivid light the unsubdued ferocity of the natives of Newzealand; we extract a paragraph from the Philadelphia Gazette—

"There has been a dreadful slaughter and destruction of property, committed by the natives of Waikato, Matamata, and Touranga, at Maketu, where Richard Jones, Esq. M. C. of Sydney, had an establishment, which was totally burnt down, and upwards of one hundred tons of flax destroyed and carried away. The fierce assailants were eight hundred well armed men together with numerous slaves without arms, while the defenders did not amount to more than one hundred and twenty, including women and children. The savages soon cleared every obstacle, killing every man they came across, and making prisoners of the women and children. The unfortunate victims were dragged from their houses; and while held down by the legs and arms, to prevent resistance, savagely butchered with tomahawks. Quarters and heads of men lay

scattered about in every direction; while the exulting yells of the conquering party added, if possible, to the surrounding horrors. This party had also, on their way to Maketu, fallen in with thirteen of another hostile tribe, eleven of whom they murdered, and feasted on their flesh, which they baked in ovens. The establishment of Mr. Scott had also been plundered of a considerable quantity of clothing and cooking utensils, by a party of Touranga natives. The alleged ground for the attack was that some natives of the hostile tribe had been killed by those upon whom vengeance was taken."

POETRY.

[A young Lady writes to know if the following "very beautiful lines" are worthy of insertion in a corner of the Journal. We answer, yes, fair lover of sweet melody.]

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serenely light,
And milder moons emparadise the night:
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time—tutor'd age, and love—exalted youth;
The wandering Mariuer whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance trembles to that pole:
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

MONTGOMERY.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

MOTHER! my life is fleeting fast,
I wish it not to stay;
My happiness has long since past,
I came but to decay.

Mother! the purple tide of life
Fast freezes in my veins;
I leave a world of woe and strife,
Where but one friend remains.

Mother! thou always wast to me
Worth all the world but one,
Who shared my hours of grief and glee,
But he, alas! is gone.

Mother, my sight is growing dim,
And shorter grows my breath;
Mother! I go to follow him,
Who loved me until death.

Mother! when asked, pray do not hide,
'Twould be a useless part,
Of what your only daughter died—
Say, 'twas a broken heart.

THE EXASPERATED LOVER.

[Original.]

I would have loved her! yes—have given
A heart both true and warm;

I would have bowed before her shrine,
And shielded her from harm.

I would have breathed the purest strain
Of love's enchanting lore;

I would have pass'd my sweetest hours,
In her converse—and more!

I would have died in her defence,
Had evil threaten'd her;

I would with love have nerv'd my arm,
Which had been weak before.

I would have yielded up my heart,
To her, with happiness;

I would have felt for her alone,
Hymenial tenderness.

I would have sighed, too, countless vows,
Of truth and constancy;

I would have seized her hand in mine,
And smiled in ecstasy.

I would have asked her—"Will you have
Him who has woo'd so long?"

I would, had she but smiled assent,
Have led her through the throng—

Unto the altar—there to bind
The solemn tie, and blest;
And there, in light of Heaven and earth,
Have clasp'd her to my breast.

But, ah! 'twas not my destiny
To change her maiden name;
For why? lo! she had one great fault—
That fault, alas! her bane.

I woo'd her long—while o'er her face
Beam'd many a cheering smile;
She might have conquer'd me by these,
Had she been free from guile.

But the vile seeds of coquetry
Unhappily were sown;
Yet when she scath'd her lover's heart,
'Twas but to break her own.

She wished to "try him",—and her tone
Alter'd its pleasing sound;
His look of love—affection's word—
Did not again rebound.

Abashed, he stood, and full surveyed,
Her cold unmoving charms;
Then, as he anxiously enquired,
She wav'd him from her arms:—

"Oh! leave me, do not tease me so,"
In pettish mood, she cried;
But love is not so easily quell'd,
When with long concord fir'd.

He tried ag'n—he persevered.

With pleading look and tone;
Until, fatigu'd by vain attempts,
Love, in despair, had flown.

He rais'd his eye, and quickly scan'd
Her cruel purpose o'er;
And as dread anger fill'd his breast,
He cried, "We meet no more!"

He scorn'd a heart that thus could scourge
His love, sincere, profound:
Her error was acknowledg'd, when
Her hopes fell to the ground! C.

THE DEPARTURE FROM LAND.

Once more—once more I'm on the sea,
The deep, the boundless sea;
My mother's found another staff
To lean upon than me.

Within the darksome grave she lies—
A widow'd heart at rest;
She's gone to lean upon her God—
Upon a Saviour's breast!

"Peace to thy ashes, mother dear!"

Thy wayward son hath said—

A houseless orphan now is he—
His last, sole friend is fled.

Grieve not for him—he hath a home
Upon the great blue deep:
The land hath now no claim on him,
None there for him may weep.

Thou glorious sea!—once more—once more
I float upon thy tide:—
Once more my heart with joy doth thrill,
As o'er thy waves I glide!
Thy stirring moan my ears doth fill;
I see again thy foam:
And as our ship goes plunging on
I feel myself at home!

Farewell, thou land!—a charge thou hast

A mother's form—thou Earth!

Until the great Archangel's trump
Shall bid the dead spring forth!

My heart is free—my home away

Upon the vaulting wave;

'Tis there I hope to find a home—

And there to find a grave!

BOAT SONG.

MERRILY lads, now ply your blades,
Yon waining sun is low;
Heftily pull, the twilight shades
Are darkening as we row.
Sturdily dash the dripping oar,
Beneath the yielding tide;
Pull, lads pull, till to the shore,
Our fairy bark doth glide.
Now mark how o'er the limpid waves,
She speeds her gallant way;
The gurgling, foaming water lives;
Her bounding prow with spray
Shout joyously we've gained the shore,
Hurra! my lads, our task is o'er.

